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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the busy hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thought endeavor
I would go where children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city,
But the patient lives of the poor.
O, the little hands too skilful,
And the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no, from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river
And be loved for the dreamer always;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE CLODBURST

Leaning on the handles of their cultivators, Lew Arem and his brother, Wilber, rested while their horses panting in the hot June sun. Across the fence, Fred Dockstadter was approaching the end of his corn rows.

"I can't see it that way," Lew said in a loud voice that carried across the fence, "I think the proper way to say it would be, six and five are twelve."

"Are twelve!" Wilber replied sneeringly. "Anyone that pretends to know anything about grammar says six and five is twelve."

"How that sounds!" Lew shouted. "I know as much about—Here's Fred, leave it to him. What do you say?"

Fred had stopped his team, and now came toward the brothers.

"I've always said it six and five are twelve," he declared, clearing his throat judiciously. "I never heard anybody say 'is.'"

"Funny arithmetic you studied," remarked Lew. "Most of 'em say six and five are eleven. Mine did, anyway."

Fred's jaw dropped. "That's so. That's so; six and five are eleven, for a fact."

The other two guffawed. "Beats all how you bite on everything that comes along!" Wilber exclaimed, chuckling.

"I'm going to quit!" said Fred sourly. "I've been a fool for you fellows to laugh at till I'm sick of it."

"Oh, give Fred that cigar lighter you got over to town last night, to sweeten him up!" Lew said to his brother as Fred turned away.

"Give him yours!" Wilber retorted. "Why should I give mine away?"

"What use has either one of you got for a cigar lighter?" asked Fred, turning back. "Neither you nor your folks smoke?"

"You don't, either," said Lew.

"Uncle Tim does. As long as you haven't any use for it, I'll take it over to him."

"Awful handy things to have in your pocket; they're good for lighting fires, too," said Lew reluctantly. "Oh, don't be so stingy!" said Wilber.

Lew sighed resignedly. "All right! I'm the one who always has to give things up!" and he handed Fred a match. "You rub them on your trouser leg, so, and they—"

But with a flush of anger Fred had departed. The shouts of laughter that followed him did not help to soothe his feelings.

The next day after supper the Arem boys went over to spend the evening with Fred. Their way lay through the pasture that skirted the steep yellow bluffs, ranging a mile or so back, along each side of the Little Sioux River. As they passed what they called the "wolf den," a spot high up on a bluff near the Dockstadter house, they peered curiously into the holes that the coyotes had dug in the yellow clay. Some of Fred's younger brothers had been up there playing and had left a small plush teddy bear lying near a big hole Lew threw it into a hole.

"Come on, now," he said. "We'll have some fun with Fred."

"Say, Fred," he began as soon as they reached the house, "lend me a shovel. I saw something that looked like a coyote go into the big hole in your pasture, and I want to—"

Fred pricked up his ears. There was a five-dollar bounty on coyotes. "The big hole, did you say?" he asked, going after the shovel.

"Yes! Hurry up! I don't want him to get away."

"It's on our land, so I reckon I'd better dig him out myself."

"Now, look here," protested Wilber. "How would you know there was anything in that hole if we hadn't told you?"

"It's our pasture and our wolf—they've eaten our chickens all summer; I reckon I've got the right—"

"All right," said Lew resignedly. "We'll go along and show you which hole it is. Take your gun and be ready when you get him dug out."

The three hurried to the top of the hill.

"I saw a small yellow beast go right in there," said Wilber, pointing.

Fred started to shovel, but presently he stopped to listen at the hole.

"Funny I can't hear him digging!" he muttered.

"All right," said Lew eagerly. "If you want to give up, let me—"

"Not much! I'll have him out of here, if it takes all night."

The light failed rapidly, and still Fred dug at the hole; before long he had dug himself completely out of sight.

"I'll get the lantern for you," offered Lew. "You're so near now you can't afford to give up."

When he returned with the lantern, Fred was still hard at work.

"Look out!" shouted Wilber. "There he is! Right under your feet. Jump! He'll bite you!"

Fred picked up the teddy bear and looked at his two friends. "If you've had me digging here two hours after this foot thing—"

"It looks a little like a coyote," said Lew, snickering. "I didn't tell you to dig for it. I wanted to."

"It's a small yellow beast, just as I told you," said Wilber.

Fred picked up his shovel and gun. "I'll get even with you fellows yet!" he cried as he hurried down the hill to escape the roars of laughter of the Arem boys.

The next morning it was raining hard. The small creek that passed through the Aremans' land was running bank full. All that morning the rain came down in sheets, and when about two o'clock in the afternoon the sky cleared the lowlands on the river bottom were half covered with water.

While Lew and Wilber were mending the fences in the hog lot where the high waters from the creek had torn them out they heard a shout up the road. A boy on a muddy, sweating pony was beckoning to them. Mr. Arem came running from the upper hog lot.

"Quick!" the boy yelled. "A clodburst up in Correctionville, and the water's comin' five or six feet deep! Get your cattle off of the river bottom!"

"Five or six feet!" Mr. Arem cried. "You're crazy!"

"Look for yourself!" said the boy, wheeling his pony. "I come all the way from Smithville, warning people."

The three ran to the top of a high bluff behind the house, which commanded a view up the river for several miles. They stood astounded at the sight that met their gaze. Six or eight miles up the valley a white line stretched across the river bottom from bluff to bluff. The front of the line glistened in the sun; behind it a wide sheet of water covered everything as far as they could see to the north.

"Some one's got to go on from here!" shouted the boy. "My horse is all tuckered out!"

With one accord they raced down the hill for their horses. Wilber and his father spurred down to the pasture to get out their cattle, when Lew, with the fastest horse, went to warn the Dockstadters, the only family in their vicinity who had cattle on the river bottom. The Dockstadters had just bought ninety head of longhorns, which they planned to feed during the winter.

Fred was mounting his pony when Lew rode into the yard and shouted, "Hustle your cattle out! The river's

coming up! Clodburst up at Correctionville!"

"Hustle your grandmother!" retorted Fred calmly. "Why don't you go down and set it afire with one of your cigar lighters?"

Lew persisted, distressed. "No, there's five or six feet of water coming in a hurry! Your cattle'll all be drowned! Hurry up! I'll help!"

"Five and six feet of it, hey?" said Fred, starting his horse up the draw behind their house. "Five and six makes eleven feet of water. Is it coming edgeways or sideways?"

Lew turned impatiently. "Where's your father?"

"Gone down to Welcome. Good-bye, Lew! Come again when you've got a better one," and away he went at a run, sending up a shower of mud behind him.

Lew gazed after him with rage and disgust. He realized with dismay that his and Wilber's fooling was likely to cost some one dear.

Going out to the road, he looked anxiously up the river. From where he stood he could see the cornfields waving in the wind, the sentinel rows of cottonwoods along the line fences, the elms and willows on the banks of the river that wound back and forth across the valley. All was quiet, but he knew that close at hand, coming as fast as a horse could trot, was a raging flood that would destroy every living thing in its path and turn the peaceful lowland into a slimy quagmire.

He sat his pony a moment, pondering. The Dockstadter farm began at the bluffs behind the house and ended at the river three quarters of a mile away. They had planted corn on the higher ground near the house, but the large tract between the cornfield and the river, which was too low for crops, they used for a pasture. On a ten-foot grade that ran parallel with the river through the centre of his pasture was the railway. A deep ditch with a heavy barbed-wire fence just beyond flanked the embankment on either side. The grade was made high to keep the tracks above the reach of the frequent floods; the heavy fence was to keep the cattle off the tracks.

A tunnel, or underpass, near the northern end of the pasture allowed them to go from one side of the railways to the other, without crossing it.

The Dockstadters had built a very high, heavy wire fence round the entire tract to keep their rangy Texas cattle from breaking out. That fence skirted the lower edge of the cornfield and turned to join the railway fence at each end. On the other side of the grade the pasture fence reached to the river.

Lew decided quickly, and raced his pony down to the pasture. No cattle were in sight between the cornfield and the railway; it was as he feared, they were all on the other side between the grade and the river.

Perhaps he could drive at least a part of the herd through the underpass and to safety before the water arrived. Ducking his head, he rode through it. By quick work he succeeded in driving a few of the steers through the tunnel to the other side, but the rest raced away toward the southern end of the pasture.

Standing in his stirrups, he looked up-river. The flood was not in sight yet. It was busy filling the ancient lake beds to the north, but he knew that it would soon be upon him. Nevertheless, he raced for the river to head the herd back.

He was only halfway to the stream when a dull roar reached his ears. Whirling the pony, he started back—too late. The flood burst through the north fence row, breast-high to a man on horseback, filled the underpass with a rush and trapped him between the railway on one side, the river on the other, and a six-wire, horse-high, bull-strong fence on the south.

Horseman and cattle fled before the rush of water; there was nothing else to do. Lew knew that they must soon reach the south fence and would be trapped. He could easily climb the fence and get up on the railway grade himself, but the stock would be drowned.

As his horse jumped through the tall weeds and sunflowers, dodging fleeing cattle and clumps of brush, something struck Lew's leg twice in the same place. He glanced down sidewise, and his heart gave a leap! A pair of heavy wire nippers were tied to the

saddle by the thongs just behind the cantle. Wilber had used the saddle when he "rode the fence" a few days before, and had neglected to put the nippers away.

By the time Lew had come to within a few rods of the fence, he had untied the knot and had the nippers in his hand. A bellowing, frantic mass of longhorned cattle pressed closely against the fence. Some of them were hooking and ramming the wires, desperately trying to get through and away before the peril that snatched at their heels could overtake them.

Throwing himself off his quivering pony, Lew quickly cut the wires in a panel of the fence along the railway grade, and led his horse through. A dozen frantic cattle rushed through after him, jamming between the posts and breaking them off.

The others, seeing these few escape, tried to follow, but the flood was upon them. In a moment they were neck-deep in muddy water; but longhorns die hard. Swimming steadily they pointed for the gap; but the swift current, filled with driftwood and flotsam, swung them several panels below.

Notwithstanding that, they were raised inside wire fences, and had a fear of the deadly barbs that was born of bitter experience, two or three of the cattle lunged heedlessly at the submerged fence, and were tangled up and drowned.

When Lew had led his horse up the railway grade, he ran along the track to the south cross fence where the cattle were struggling. A line of trash, from the railway to the river, marked the place where the wires were stopping everything that floated. Forty or fifty cattle were keeping warily back from it by swimming upstream, but they could not hold out long against the swift current.

As Lew watched the long line of trash grow larger and heavier every minute with driftwood and wreckage, he saw the fence bend; but he knew that, although the posts might go, the heavy wires would hold.

Clutching his wire nippers, he dashed down into the muddy flood. Six times he dived into the railway ditch, and each time he nipped off a wire. As he cut the last one, the barrier swung away like the draw of a bridge, and swimming high, the entire herd pointed for the high ground where the railway entered the hills a quarter of a mile away.

Lew stood watching the muddy flood a few moments, then turned to go down the track to his pony. A dozen or so hulking longhorns barred his passage, pawing the gravel, snorting and hooking the ground in a frenzy. They were accustomed to seeing horsemen, but anyone on foot was a fearsome object, to be destroyed on sight.

Lew was not left in doubt as to the best course to pursue; as they charged him, he turned and with a mighty spring leaped into deep water near the fence on the side away from the river.

When Lew came up, he saw that the cattle had stopped at the edge of the water. He crawled over the submerged fence and pulled himself along by the top wire, hoping to work back to where the pony stood without being noticed; but it was of no use. The longhorns stood on the track above, with bulging eyeballs and tossing leads, bawling excitedly, ready to attack as soon as chance presented itself.

There was only one thing to do—swim for the cornfield. He was not a strong swimmer, and he was already becoming chilled by the cold water; he knew that he could not long cling to the submerged fence. As he was in a pocket between the railway and the bluffs, there was no current for him to fight against, and so after pulling off his shoes he struck out.

He swam until he was out of breath; but, taking a new grip on himself, he kept on until he felt that he was nearly exhausted. His goal seemed as far away as ever; in his extremity he thought of trying to get back to the railway again, but he had come farther from it than he thought. Frantically he looked for a plank or piece of driftwood, but nothing of the sort was near.

He knew that he was doing little more than splash, although he struck out desperately. Despair was beginning to fill his mind when suddenly hope surged up again, and he gave a shout for help. Fred Dockstadter was

running his horse down through the pasture, yelling something at him—

"Making up his mind to tread water a while and rest, he cautiously dropped his feet—and struck mud about three feet down."

"Why didn't you wade long before?" Fred cried when he came up. "You could have just as well as not."

Grimacing sheepishly, Lew crawled ashore. "Too busy swimming," said he, to cover his confusion. "Come on in; the water's fine."

"A little more and your hands would have struck bottom," said Fred. "So that's all the cattle you saved, is it?" And he looked ruefully at the dozen or so that were running up and down the railway track, and at the few in the lane. "What will pay?"

If you fellers weren't so keen to fool me all the time, I'd have had those cattle all out, and now—"

Lew pointed south to where the main drove of cattle were running about, and as Fred looked in the direction indicated, he said:

"I think you'll find most of 'em running round over there. Get a move on and round 'em up before they kill 'em in the corn."

Fred looked at him doubtfully.

"Go on!" said Lew. "I've quit fooling folks. They're your cattle. Go after 'em."

Fred put the spurs to his pony, with his face aglow.

"All right, Lew!" he shouted over his shoulder. "I don't know how you saved them, but I'll make it up to you a hundred times!"

And his voice raised the echoes as he herded the scattered longhorns toward home.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Mary McBride, is a much-missed absentee at our meetings now, as she has gone to spend the summer with relatives in Bobcaygeon and at her parental home in Westmeath. She is a genial favorite.

There was a bathing party held on the afternoon of August 13th, at the Ermscliffe bathing beach, afterwards all took in the fun at Sunnyside in the evening. All had a grand time.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts left on August 15th, on the first lap of their three weeks' vacation, first making for Stratford to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bell, Mrs. N. Moore, Mrs. M. Wilson and the Misses Ethel Griffith and Pearl Herman were among those who spent a lovely time with Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell at Birch Cliffe, on August 14th. The Bells are some entertainers.

Mr. A. C. Shephard, of the post-office department, commenced his annual three weeks' holidays on August 15th, and he, Mrs. Shephard and their son, Annival, spent the first week at their summer cottage at Wasaga Beach and the rest of the time at home.

Mr. David Lawrence, of Woodbridge, was down in our midst on August 14th, visiting his relatives and also at "Mora Glen."

Mrs. M. J. Ross was out in Brantford for the week commencing August 13th, and assisted by her sister, Mrs. W. J. Bartlett, of Stratford, brought up her personal belongings and packed them to her new home here.

Mr. Charles McLaughlin left on August 15th, for a visit to his parental home down in Nova Scotia. It is many years since he was last down in the "Land of Evangeline," so intends remaining there for some little while.

Mr. Walter Bell was up from Os-hawa for the week-end of August 13th, and on his return Sunday evening, was accompanied by Mrs. Bell, who spent a week in the "Motor City" with relatives.

Mr. Arthur H. Jaffray was to have been the speaker at our service on August 14th, but relinquished his duties to Mr. W. R. Watt, who gave a very good address on "My Son, Give Me Thine Heart," stating that whoever gave his whole to God would be found among the blest.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts' entire family from Woodbridge and this city joined

in a happy reunion at "Mora Glen," on August 14th, in honor of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. William McGillivray, of Madison, Kan., and a very pleasant time was spent.

FULLARTON FANCIES

Mr. Ross McIntyre, of Stratford, was out to his old home here on Sunday, August 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts, of Toronto, were visiting relatives and friends here during the forepart of the week of August 15th. This is where Mr. Roberts was born and he met many old friends whom he had last seen forty years ago, as well as the familiar old cottage in which he lost his hearing when a kid of eight summers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roger motored over to Hensall, on August 21st, and picking up Mr. and Mrs. David Alexander, continued on to Clinton, where they spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. David Sours.

On Wednesday, August 10th, Fullarton held a very successful field day and among the immense crowd were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roger, of this place; Mrs. Robert Hay, Mack Hay and Thomas Hay and wife, of Avon-ton, Mrs. David Alexander, her son, Edward, and her daughter, Ruby, of Hensall. In the baseball tournament, the Boundry team, on which Edward Alexander played third base, won the championship and the beautiful trophy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roger motored over to Avon-ton, on August 7th, where they called on the Hoy family, later on, in company with Mrs. Robert Hoy and Mack Hoy, they struck for Stratford, where they put in the day with Mr. and Mrs. William P. Quinlan.

Mrs. Jarvy E. Armstrong, of Vancouver, B. C., formerly Miss Cora Cathcart, of St. Mary's, came down for the Old Boys' reunion of her home town during the end of July, and on July 31st, she with Mrs. Robert Hoy and Mack Hoy, of Avon-ton, and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Quinlan and daughter, of Stratford, visited the W. J. Roger family here. Mrs. Armstrong intends remaining in the East until October, visiting relatives and friends in various parts.

Mrs. W. J. Roger was lately up in Mitchell and gave Mrs. William Pepper a pleasant call. Her many friends will be delighted to learn that the latter is doing very well since the death of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roger, on August 17th and 18th, and then left for Avon-ton. They had a fine time during their stay here. Mr. and Mrs. Roger have a very fine farm and home on the Mitchell Road.

Mr. Roger, though not deaf himself, can converse in our language fluently and is a warm friend of the deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Roger were so interested in the JOURNAL that they handed the writer their subscription, so as to be posted one the doings of the deaf.

It was in this peaceful little burg where the writer first went to school over forty years ago, and where he lost his hearing. How sweet came back the memories of the long ago, as he revisited such scenes after an absence of two score years. The old school still stands as it did before, though weather-beaten—like a derelict on memory's page.

AVONTON ANSWERS

The report in these columns recently that Mack Hoy was married was erroneously reported. It was his brother, Thomas, who became a benedict. Mack, however, took the joke with a philosophical smile, thus giving the writer a sigh of relief for he feared Mack would get after him with a fence rail, but he it known that Mack is still sitting on the fence whistling this lullaby "I am Patiently Waiting for You, My Bonnie Annie Laurie."

Mr. and Mrs. William Quinlan and daughter, Pauline, and Miss Lena Doubledde motored up from Stratford and spent August 17th with Mrs. Robert Hoy and family.

Mrs. Robert Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoy, Mack Hoy and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Aitchison took in the Old Boys and Girls reunion at Goderich, on August 3d, and had a great time. They called on Mr. and Mrs. David Sours at Clinton on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, spent August 18th very pleasantly with Mrs. Robert Hoy and

family and also with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Aitchison.

Mrs. Robert Hoy says she delights in reading the JOURNAL, that she can't do without it so hands the reporter her subscription to send it.

Mr. Mack Hoy went on a pleasure jaunt to Embro, on August 14th, where he had a pleasant time with Cyrus, Stanley and Miss Clara Young, of that place. Mack knows where to go where the "peaches" bloom.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoy have returned from their honeymoon trip and are now happily domiciled on the old homestead, where we trust they may face a happy future.

STRATFORD STROKES

Mr. L. H. Wagerster is the latest acquisition to our silent colony. He comes from Tavistock, and works at the Stratford Manufacturing Company.

Mr. William Quinlan again sends in his renewal, declaring the JOURNAL is too valuable to miss.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Mrs. Robert Hoy and son, Mack, motored down from Avon-ton, on August 18th, and spent a very pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Quinlan.

Little Pauline, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Quinlan, was awarded second prize in the baby show at the Ford employees' annual picnic, held at Grand Bend, on July 20th. Congratulations. Pauline is a sweet little rosy-cheeked cherub and well entitled to the beautiful silver cup she won.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, were guests of relatives and friends here for a couple of days before leaving on August 20th for Sarnia.

Miss Lena Doubledde, of Wroxeter, has returned home after a delightful week spent with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Quinlan here. Her sister was also a visitor here.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. Cyrus Young has returned to his home in Embro, after working for three months in Detroit. His deaf brother, Stanley, and sister, Clara, are also at home.

Mrs. Margaret McLachlan, of Watford, a sister of Mrs. Robert Hoy, of Avon-ton, is away visiting in Merry Ole' England.

Miss Lena Doubledde, of Wroxeter, was out to Mildmay, on August 11th, visiting her old schoolmate, Miss Diana Weiler.

For the love of Mike, will you, my assistant correspondents, kindly give full names, addresses and dates when sending in your items. This is a great help in solving tangles.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

P. S. A. D. NOTICE.

"We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in CHARITY."

The annual Visiting and Donation Day will be observed at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torredale, Saturday, October 1st. This is a very important occasion in the life of the Home. It is a time when friends and supporters muster in large numbers to pay the Home an annual visit.

During early October, the Home grounds present their best. Trees and shrubbery just begin to transform in color and the balmy air adds greatly to a day of pleasure.

The number of cars driven and owned by deaf persons is ever increasing. This gives us a greater opportunity to visit the Home and bring in any number of packages, large or small.

The Home is at all times in need of food-stuffs, but when it is impossible to send them conveniently as well as economically, the Home will be grateful for cash donations.

Dear friends, do not forget the date, October 1st, 1927. Send all donations well in advance. Cash donations—three days in advance, but food-stuffs by express may take a week or ten days to arrive at destination. At any rate we want a large gathering present, so let's rally once again before cold winter shuts us in. Bring all your bus, truck or trailer can hold. There is parking space for 150 cars. Let's fill that up too.

We are anxious that all offerings be forwarded well in advance, so a check-up can be made and credit can be given the local branches and friends in the announcement to be made October 1st, and to appear in *The Mt. Airy World* and *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Please send all express or parcel post matter to Miss Ayers, the Matron, Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, Torredale, Philadelphia, Pa., and mark it "Donation Day." Send all cash donation to the Chairman, Committee on Donations, Edwin C. Ritchie, 26 East Lancaster Avenue, Shillington, Pa.

Entertainment under auspices of Philadelphia Local Branch.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1927.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nearth the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

We append a letter from Rev. J. M. Koehler, that will interest the JOURNAL readers, and acknowledge the correction of the item which said that Henry Winter Syle won degrees from Yale and Oxford. There was no attempt made in the editorial to do more than mention the names of those deaf-mutes who had in their lives attained distinction. As the editorial was written without books of reference, we had to rely upon memory, and no doubt the omissions of deserving names were more than Mr. Koehler has suggested. However, we thank him, and assure him as well as all JOURNAL readers that we had "a pleasant summer's rest" working every day for the welfare of all the deaf, whether they were distinguished or just "common clay."

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I read with much interest your editorial article in this week's issue of the JOURNAL, on deaf-mutes who have distinguished themselves in spite of lack of education at Schools for the Deaf, and of others who have proved by their accomplishments the effectiveness of such education. You will then for perhaps permit me to submit a few thoughts suggested by the perusal of your article. They are not prompted by any notion of carping criticism nor by any spirit of controversy, but solely to add significance to your mention of certain names to illustrate your statements.

May I suggest that it is not correct to speak of the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle as "having taken degrees from Yale and subsequently Oxford." Mr. Syle was not at Oxford but at Cambridge University, and he took no degree there. He had to give up his studies on account of eye trouble, and returned to New York to become a teacher at Fanwood. Finding the course at Yale corresponding to the one he had taken at Cambridge, he applied for and obtained permission to take the examinations. He was advised and assisted in this matter by the elder Peet. His success was so notable that he was granted the degree of M.A. *summa cum laude*. The examination lasted three weeks and covered the full four-years' course. Later he received the same degree from Trinity College, Hartford, *ad eundem*. He had no other degree than M.A. It has always been a wonder to me that he was not honored with one by Gallaudet College whom he served as clerk shortly after it was opened, but this may have been due to his innate modesty.

Mr. Syle and the Moore brothers were pupils at David E. Bartlett's family school at Fishkill, N. Y.—later at Hartford, Conn. I had always been under the impression that James Nack was a graduate of Fanwood, but can find no verification of it. The mention of Massieu recalls that he was a pupil of the Abbe Sicard, and that it was due to his appeal that the good Abbe was spared from imprisonment or execution, when first denounced before the Committee of his Section in the early days of the French Revolution, refusing to take the oaths required of the priesthood by the National Assembly. This did not free Sicard entirely, however. Those interested in the denouement of the story will find an interesting account by Luzerne Ray, *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, pp. 16.

Albert Newsam, often called the "father of lithography," was one of the first pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution. Indeed, it was Newsam, found making chalk drawings on the pavement in front of the old U. S. Mint on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, who excited the compassion of Bishop White and led him to organize the Institution and become its first President.

I could wish that you had mentioned John R. Burnett and "Howard Glyndon" (Miss Laura C. Redden, afterwards Mrs. Edward N. Searing) and others; and noticed the genius and talents of uneducated deaf-mutes whose accomplishments brought them to public notice: the one who made

the beautifully inlaid table which was the great Napoleon's favorite and is now exhibited among his relics in the Grand Trianon, Versailles; and that other one who carved the magnificent buffet in the great banquet room of the Glasgow, Scotland, City Hall.

These are but a few of many now unknown or rapidly passing into oblivion. And it is to be regretted that there is no readily accessible data for reference. It was with the idea of calling attention to this lack and with the hope that some plan might be devised for supplying it, that I prepared a paper for the N. A. D. Convention, a year ago, on "An Anthology of the Deaf." Unfortunately, I could not go to Washington, and the manuscript sent by mail failed to reach the friend whom I expected to read it for me. It did not come back—it was not read—another instance of love's labor lost—and I have no copy! Trusting you had a pleasant summer's rest and with all good wishes,

Faithfully yours,
J. M. KOEHLER.

Portland, Oregon

One of the worst fatal accidents for many years among the Portland deaf, occurred on Tuesday morning, August 9th, when Dana L. Smith, a well-known painter, was caught in some machinery while painting under the draw of a Portland bridge and was so badly injured that he died on Thursday morning. It happened as the draw was opened to let a steamer pass through. Mr. Smith's jumper, it is understood, caught in the draw as it swung, and was carried out with the span unnoticed, as he was working alone. When the draw returned to its position, Mr. Smith dropped ten feet to the turntable and within a few minutes was seen by the bridge tender who had him removed to a local hospital, where he suffered terribly until death relieved him. It was a sad blow to his beloved wife and two children, who survive him. The funeral took place on Tuesday, August 16th, and a large crowd attended the service, which was officiated by Rev. E. Du Bois, of the United Presbyterian Church of the Stranger, and interpreted by Mrs. Alice Clark. The casket was of a beautiful gray, almost buried in flowers. The Portland Frats, of which Mr. Smith was a member, bought a large floral pillow with the letters N. F. S. D. in gold color on it. This is the first funeral of a brother Frats in Portland. Pallbearers were W. Lee, J. O. Reichle, Anthony Kautz, Courtland Greenwald, Geo. Kreidt and H. P. Nelson.

Mr. Smith came here to Portland from Pennsylvania, when a young man about twenty-three. He attended the public schools, and lost his hearing at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two. He learned the painting trade after coming here, and became an expert painter, and has been painting for many of the deaf in Portland and in Los Angeles, Cal., where he lived a short time. The last deaf folks he painted for was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thierman.

Mr. Smith was forty-one years old at the time of his death, and all Portland extend their very deepest sympathy to the sorrowing family in their great loss. The family will get a pension from the State, and also a neat sum from the N. F. S. D. Mr. Smith became a member of the Portland Frats, a little less than two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Cooke, with Mrs. J. O. Reichle as a passenger in their Chevrolet sedan, are on their way for a two weeks' tour south as far as San Francisco, during Mr. Cooke's vacation. Raymond, son of Mrs. Reichle, is also along, so it leaves Mr. Reichle and son, Ralph, to argue as to who will wash dishes during the *naissus'* absence.

Mr. Nelson also just got over being a grass widower or a grasshopper, when Mrs. Nelson returned home from a very pleasant visit in Seattle for ten days. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wright for four days, and a couple days with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, and the remainder was spent with Rev. and Mrs. O. Hanson. Mrs. Bertram being away, Mr. N. did not see her until she returned home. The following Saturday, August 13th, Mrs. J. Bertram stopped with the Nelsons on her way home from Roseburg, Ore., where she visited her mother, who became ill. Mrs. Bertram left on the stage that night for Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee gave a reception at their home, on Saturday evening, August 13th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stutzman, of Colorado Springs, who are touring through Oregon, to visit relatives. Mrs. Stutzman is a sister of Mrs. Lee. They returned home to Colorado Springs the same week. An out-of-town visitor who was at the party was Mrs. J. Bertram, of Seattle, leaving the same night for home.

H. P. N.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

X. E. S. OBSERVE FEAST DAY.

Ephpheta Sunday (August 21), the Feast day of the Deaf, was celebrated by the Xavier Ephpheta Society, as has been the usual custom for the past twenty-five years. With Rev. John A. Egan, S. S., director of the society, officiating, Mass and general communion were held in the College chapel at 9 A.M., attended by some forty members and friends. Quite a number of others, through a misunderstanding, attended service at the same time in the Church of St. Francis Xavier's, adjoining the college.

Rev. Father Egan, during the Mass, read the Gospel of the day, dealing with our Lord speaking the word "Ephpheta," resulting in the cure of the man who was both deaf and mute.

Following, the members had breakfast, and afterwards, augmented by others who had attended early Mass at their home churches, boarded two big touring cars for the afternoon's outing at Rye and Oakland Beaches, on Long Island Sound.

It was a jolly party, altogether. Credit is due President Fives for putting it over. Despite the ominous aspect of the weather, and the slogan "Rain or Shine," the start was made with everybody optimistic for Old Sol doing his share to make the afternoon a dancing one. They were not disappointed, for his Nibs came out as the buses reached Rye, and for the rest of the day kept up a scintillating streak of bright sunshine, with a cooling breeze wafted inshore from over the Sound.

Appetites were keen, and the luncheon parties did themselves proud, depleting the home-made bumpers or testing the eatables in nearby restaurants. The concessionaries at the resort had ample patronage from the bus party.

In his Chrysler, past President and Mrs. Knopp, along with John Moran, made the run from Brooklyn.

Billy May, with Alex. Pach to keep him company, guided his Dodge without a mishap from Washington Heights to Rye.

Gordon Marshall, following a motor trip over the Mohawk trail, added to the tourists, by bringing the Missus and party from Portchester.

Dick Bowdren, with his wife and the kiddies, drove his brand new car from Peekskill to join the Ephpheta.

Joe Donahue, also with friend Wife and the two future heirs, made the stretch from around Stamford to Rye in a car licensed in his name.

Chairman Fives was supported nobly by the members of the committee, Julius Kieckers leading the sextet with the largest number of friends in the leading bus.

Miss Josephine Purtell just couldn't stay away. Accompanied by her cousin Mr. P. Purtell, the latter, from Red Bank, wanted to be counted in for the 1928 affair—without fail.

From the countryside round about Rye came of fair dames, married and single, among others Messrs. and Mesdames Greenough, Meisinger, Joe Darby, Moise Changnon, Miss Marie Changnon, Nancy Cossette, Tessie Gaffney, Betty Knosen, Kathryn Paulson, Mort Donahue and Joe Leghorn.

Miss Mae Austria, Mrs. Jennie Morin and "Typo" Deegan, snapped so many shots with their kodaks, even Pach got peeved for not bidding for the privilege.

Mike Leo found his six-feet a hindrance getting on and off the bus.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Mattes and "Baby," now in her third year, were popular with all aboard the buses and at Rye.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Drennan enjoyed their lunch and then made haste to get all possible benefit of the cool breeze in from the Sound.

In immaculate white trousers, Chris. McNally was taken for a multi-millionaire. Mrs. McNally was nearby, and her companion, Miss Burns, evidenced in her looks the enjoyment of the day.

"Taps" were sounded at 7:30, and two hours later the buses had reached their end, unloading a happy and contented party of tourists at Times Square.

Charles Wolff, of St. Louis, is sojourning at Elizabeth, N. J., being a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch at their residence. Mrs. E. Alt and her two children are also visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Lynch. Miss Agnes Fischer, formerly of St. Louis, who lives with Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, expects to accept a position as supervisor of girls at St. Joseph's Institute, Westchester, N. Y.

Misses Elizabeth Whalen and Cecelia Travers are stopping at Hotel Belmont, Lake Placid, N. Y., for a couple of weeks.

Ralph Allen, of 68 State Street, Paterson, N. J., died Friday morning, August 19th, from spinal meningitis. He was taken ill the Sunday previous and grew rapidly worse till the end, in spite of the best medical treatment. The funeral was held at his late residence, Sunday evening. The apartment was crowded with relatives and friends, besides a large delegation from the Newark Division of the N. F. S. D. Rev. John H. Kent conducted the service. Interment was in Cedar Lawn Cemetery Paterson, Monday afternoon. He leaves a wife, formerly Alice Battersby, and a son, six years old, besides a brother and sister.

Ralph Allen was one of the most popular of Paterson's small circle of silent people. He was always fond of social gatherings and usually managed to add to their gaiety. He was a member of St. Paul's Church, and regular in attendance, interesting himself actively in the affairs of the mission to the deaf maintained at that church. He was a silk finisher by trade. He will be sadly missed by a host of friends. To the bereaved family, the deaf of Newark and Paterson extend their sincere sympathy.

On July fifth last, Captain Walter C. Reiff died at the U. S. Army Hospital in Denver, Colorado. He was a brother of Mr. Anthony C. Reiff, well-known among the deaf of Greater New York. Captain Reiff died after a long illness and much suffering, which he bore with most wonderful fortitude, patience and cheerfulness. The cause of his illness was due to injuries received in the World War in France. He served twenty-four years in the Regular Army, and rose from the ranks to a commission. He always took a deep interest in the deaf, and could use the manual alphabet well, also the sign-language to some extent. Just before he died, he expressed a wish to meet some of the deaf at the Frat convention in Denver. He also hoped to write a magazine article about the deaf, as he was a ready writer, and had had many articles published. So has passed away a good brother, and another brave soldier, who died for his country.

Sixteen deaf girls and boys gathered at Miss Alice Sanger's apartment, where a surprise party was given in honor of Miss Fifi Allen's birthday, on Wednesday, August 10th. She received many beautiful and useful presents. Games and dancing and delicious refreshments were served at midnight. A good time was had by all. Among those present were: Misses Fifi Allen, Alice Sanger, Bernice Newman and Alice Altameyer and Messrs. Robert Begy, Edward Sohmer, Sam Golowen, Paul Murtaugh and Lorraine Chatterton.

On Tuesday, August 23d, although it rained almost all day, there were twelve deaf-mutes at the Brighton Beach baths. The Bramsons and Bacharachs never miss a Tuesday at this beach during summer. Several others there last Tuesday were those who are on their vacation.

Mrs. Einsfeld spent a few days at Long Branch, N. J., the guest of her sister and niece. She enjoyed going out every day in their automobile. She says Long Branch is a lovely place.

Miss Ruby Abrams and her mother are spending a few weeks on a lovely farm at Cornwall Bridge, Connecticut. Miss Abrams does much sketching, as there is wonderful scenery.

Mrs. Helen Ruth Peters, who won both divorce and decree last May, has left for Cuba for two months, with a party of friends, visiting various places, principally Havana. We wish her a pleasant trip and safe return.

Miss Gussie Berley is spending her vacation in Walden, N. Y. No doubt besides the pleasant association with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, she enjoys the rustic and picturesque surroundings of that locality.

Mrs. Peter Mitchell, being an ardent naturalist, selected the leafy bowers of the Catskill Mountains for her vacation, and is spending two weeks with Miss Alice Judge at West Saugerties, N. Y.

Mrs. Johanna McClusky, well-known in New York social circles, also packed up her bag and baggage, and is up at the Alice Emeralds bungalow for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gabriel, of Brooklyn, are guests at the Mountain Stream House in Saugerties. Joseph is not very popular there at present, as it has rained almost continuously since he showed up.

Mrs. James Lonergan and daughter, Margaret, enjoyed the weekend in the Catskills, where her daughter, Catherine, has been spending the summer.

Elsie Berg went back Westhampton, L. I., last week. Helen is at Forest Hills, L. I., leaving in a few days to join the family there.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannie Kaminsky, with their children, have been enjoying a stay with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peters at Asbury Park.

PHILADELPHIA

Much pleasure is being expressed by members of All Souls' Church over the advent of Mr. Raymond Dochney as the new sexton. He entered upon his new duties on August 4th. Mrs. Dochney, who before her marriage some time ago, was Mrs. Emma Rival, has long been active in church work. Everyone is hoping the Dochneys will serve All Souls' permanently.

Mrs. Mary Haight, of New York, who has been spending much of the summer with Mrs. M. J. Syle, has been suffering an indisposition for quite some time. Her friends are hoping she will soon be her accustomed happy self again.

The Philadelphia Local Branch held its regular monthly meetings on August 20th. About fifty individuals were present. Various games and competitive puzzles were the order of the evening, and some very nice prizes went to the winners. The Local Branch has shown much activity of late, due to the energetic efforts of President Donohue and Mr. Schrager.

Philadelphians are laying their plans to attend the convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, to be held at Allentown over Labor Day. A special car will take the deaf to that city from the 69th Street Terminal, on Friday afternoon, September 2d. The train will leave at 3:57 P.M. Mr. Sanders is in charge.

Mr. James Foster has become quite a fishing enthusiast during the present summer. He has already made three fishing trips to the Jersey shore, and reports having caught a sizable bag of seventy-five snapping mackerel upon his last trip. He will make another trip on August 27th.

The next Donation Day for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torresdale has been announced for October 1st. Philadelphia Local Branch members are already starting to work, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Donohue. Their aim is to surpass the high record achieved last year.

The Rev. Warren M. Smaltz and Mrs. Smaltz and their two children, Mildred and Laura, spent a vacation of two weeks at Wildwood, N. J., as the guests of Mrs. Katie Hoopes. They report having had a most enjoyable time of it. Two little birthday parties were pleasant incidents of their stay in Wildwood. The first party was in honor of Mrs. Smaltz, and occurred on August 9th. The second remembered Mrs. Emma J. Dantzer's natal day, and occurred on August 18th.

Rev. Warren Smaltz and Mr. Charles Rollinson made a fishing trip to the banks off Cape May, N. J., recently. They report having caught eighteen porgies and two flounders.

The Loyal Order of Moose has been holding its convention in this city during the week of August 21-27. A number of our local deaf are members of this Order, including Mr. Townley Mondeau, Mr. Adolph Yerkes, Mr. Charles W. Waterhouse, Thomas Wallwork and Rev. Warren Smaltz.

Miss Margaret Donohue has recently returned home from a vacation of two weeks in Wildwood. She stopped there with the McIntyres, who are well known in this city.

Mr. Emile Clerc, who came to Philadelphia from Washington, D. C., over a year ago, and found steady employment at his trade as a printer with the J. B. Lippincott Co., has decided to make his residence here. Recently he brought his family, and has rented a house at 2817 West Dauphin Street.

Mr. Alonzo Hartzell, formerly employed at Akron in the rubber tire industry there, has found employment with the Lee Tire and Rubber Co. near here. He has brought his family, consisting of his wife and four children, to this city, and expects to remain for the present at least. Mrs. Hartzell is a sister of Mrs. Clerc. Another sister, Miss Jones, of Washington, D. C., is spending a few days visiting them. Miss Jones is employed in the United States Post Office in Washington.

Business conditions in Philadelphia are extremely bad at present, judging from the difficulty which the deaf are having in securing employment. Quite a few of the deaf have been on part time work. It seems unfortunate that the deaf from distant points are not aware of these conditions, and continue coming to Philadelphia in search of work. Several of them have experienced no little hardship lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kepp spent a few days in Wildwood recently, visiting the latter's sister. Judging from the large number of deaf who are favoring Wildwood as their vacation place, Atlantic City is losing in favor. Mrs. James Foster and Mrs. Raymond Dochney report Atlantic City was so chilly in its weather that bathing was impractical, and their testimony was corroborated by Miss Elva Sasman, who spent ten days there recently.

Plans are being considered for an anniversary celebration of the Clerc Literary Society on September 29th.

Mr. Robert C. Fletcher, who hails from Alabama, and who has been pursuing studies in the Philadelphia Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preparatory to entering the ministry, has accepted a position with a local manufacturing firm, and has consequently spent his school vacation in the city. He will continue his studies at the reopening of school in the Fall.

W. M. S.

SEATTLE

Mrs. Jack Sackville-West and her son, Jack, Jr., eight years old, arrived in Seattle, the last of July, and was the guest of the Partridges for a little over two weeks. Jack, Sr., also came the evening of 6th, and was here for ten days of his vacation. He used to be a resident of Seattle, when he lived here with his mother, and his many old friends were eager to see him again and he and his wife had so many invitations that they could not accept them all. Many of these invitations were from hearing friends, though the deaf contributed their share, for Jack was always a prime favorite with everybody. He is not quite so boyish as when he dwelt in our midst, and has a dignity that is becoming to him. The courtesy of manner that springs from the heart and is fostered by careful early training is still his, as it was in the old days. His attractive wife made many new friends here, and saw many old ones. We hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing them again.

Mr. Sackville-West is a successful draftsman in Spokane. He is always busy and works on many important buildings. His drawings show a high degree of artistic skill and fine, painstaking work. While in Seattle, Mr. Sackville-West told us that Jim O'Leary, while returning from the Denver convention, had hurt a finger of one hand in a door on the train, and that it was quite serious and hindered his work. He has retained a lawyer and will apply for damages from the railroad.

Mrs. H. P. Nelson returned from Centralia in the Wright car, and was in the city about ten days, being the guest of Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Root and Mrs. Hanson in turn. She saw a good deal of the city, visited the government locks, went to picnics in the parks, shopping down town, and was a guest at several parties. She returned to Portland in the car of Mrs. Gerde, who was also a visitor in town for a few days.

Mrs. Hanson had a party for Mrs. H. P. Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. Sackville-West, the evening of August 6th, and had the added pleasure of the presence of Miss Edith Nelson, of Gallaudet College. Miss Nelson is an old friend of Mrs. Dewey Deer, of Shelton, and was spending a week with them. She came down by stage the day of the party, and returned to Shelton the next morning, and in order to stand as godmother at the christening of the Deer baby. Every one was very much pleased to see her, and she was the centre of an animated conversation group the whole evening. We remember her as a tiny girl at the Minnesota school the last year we taught there, and even then she gave promises of a development she has since richly achieved. We hope she will come West again, and stop in to see us.

J. B. Kunze, a hearing chum of Willie West, was in town not long ago, and saw some of Will's friends. He can talk on his fingers, and says that Will is coming back from Alaska for good this fall, but his parents will remain north some time longer.

The day of the Golden Rule picnic at Woodland Park turned out to be an all-day rainy one. This is quite an unusual thing. The rain began with a few drops some time after ten o'clock in the morning, and soon settled into a gentle pour that showed no signs of letting up. In the meantime a large number of folks had started out, and were all unprepared for a rainy day, for nobody in Seattle carries an umbrella in summer time. Several groups formed under cover either in or near the park, but did not manage to connect with one another. Then, as they saw there would be no let-up, they went to various places and had indoor picnics instead. Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Kirschbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves and others accompanied Mrs. Gustin home and picnicked there. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hanson, who had her big coffee-pot with her, went home with Mrs. Partridge and the Sackville-Wests. Still another group of eight persons in which was Mrs. Cassels and Mrs. Wetherby, of Tacoma, went to the home of Mrs. Barbara Wildfang, and had a feast there. A good many expressed disappointment over the loss of their picnic in the park and their visit to the fine collection of animals.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray J. Medcalf, with their small son left in their Chevrolet, on August 15th, bound for Illinois, where Mr. Medcalf has a small farm in the southern part of the State. They went by way of Oregon, intending through Yellowstone National Park. Mr. Medcalf says that if the Illinois climate does not agree with his wife or son, he will return to Seattle with them.

Miss Doris Nation and Miss Sophia Mullin were week-end guests of Miss Marguerite Gorman, at her sister's summer home at Eagle Harbor, the last week in July. They had a fine time swimming during the hot weather.

Mrs. Jack Bertram's plans of going to her father's ranch at Dee, Oregon, were delayed by the illness of her mother at Roseburg, in the same State. She hastened to see her mother, and when she was better, went on to Dee.

A couple of weeks ago, we took the two and a half hour trip by water advertised for tourists, and enjoyed it very much. Our boat went out into Puget Sound, and circled around the half-a-dozen warships then at anchor there. Then it went through the government locks into Lake Union and through the University Canal into Lake Washington, winding up at Leschi Park. There is no more restful way to spend a hot summer afternoon. It was fine to see familiar landmarks show up at a new angle. The beautiful new Gothic library on the campus took on even more of beauty and dignity, and so it was with many other buildings and scenic show places.

On July 31st, Mrs. Cassels, the sister of Emily Eaton, gave a big family picnic at her lovely home at Medina, across Lake Washington. Every one was there except Roy Eaton, who is a marine, now stationed at Peking. Even a niece and her husband and mother, who had been away in Europe, turned up unexpectedly and joined the party. Members came from Tacoma, Puyallup and Aberdeen, making thirty all told. Mrs. Eaton stayed on two or three days for the party as the guest of her sister, and enjoyed herself about the beautiful grounds and the large house of nearly twenty rooms. The family party was given in honor of Captain and Mrs. Loren Wetherby, and as a farewell to them also, as they are leaving in their Nash car for Benning, Georgia. They will stop en route to visit Yellowstone Park, Pike's Peak, and relatives in Nashville, N. C.

Mrs. Barbara Wildfang was very pleased to receive a visit from her niece, Mrs. Brownson, and her two daughters. They motored from Spokane, to visit relatives here and at other points. Both daughters were recently married.

Mrs. Emily Eaton was one of those who especially enjoyed her visit to our State convention in Vancouver last June. It was her first visit to her old school in twenty-seven years, when she left it on her graduation.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kirschbaum are now living in a rented apartment-cottage on 23d Avenue. They gave up the home purchased on the advice of friends, who told them that the man who sold them the house was heavily in debt for lumber and other supplies. So Joe moved, fearing he might in some way become involved in the indebtedness.

Mrs. A. K. Waugh gave a birthday party on August 21st, in honor of her husband, and every one was welcome. About thirty-five friends showed up and presented A. K. with their very best wishes, a small purse, and some individual gifts. A. K. announced that he was going to buy a bathing suit with the money in the purse. It was the celebration of his fifty-seventh birthday, but he seems as young and spry as when we first met him years ago. He is a great fisherman, always ready for an out-door jaunt.

Mrs. Bertha Wilson and Mrs. Olof Hanson will leave together on the 29th, on the steamer Doylestown, sailing for San Francisco. Bertha is going to see how she will like a new city to live in, and will look for work in Frisco. Mrs. Hanson will spend a few weeks with her daughter, Marion, near Oakland. The boat that Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Hanson will go in belongs to the Nelson line, and carries freight as well as passengers. It has an expanding business, and will carry more passengers as arrangements are made to handle them. It recently added a second boat, leaving for San Francisco weekly, and now has two, sailing Tuesdays and Thursdays.

A letter from our friend, Mr. Robert C. Miller, from Los Angeles, and dated August 18th, contains the sad and unexpected news that he was intending that afternoon to go to the funeral of Mr. Howe Phelps, who had committed suicide by shooting himself. Mr. Phelps had everything, wealth, family, and business interests to make life worth living, and his act will come as a shock to many friends. We do not know what led up to the act, but assume that Mr. Phelps was temporarily unbalanced from ill health.

Mr. Miller enjoyed his trip to Yosemite and through Southern California. He went to the Weepah gold fields and had some fun there. He obtained a gold claim and sold it. He is going to Mexico next in quest of adventure, and speaks of returning to Seattle in about a year. We shall surely be glad to see him.

THE HANSONS.

Aug. 23, 1927.

FLORIDA MISSION FOR THE DEAF.

St. Cloud, Florida

Bible class at 9:30 A.M., every Sabbath day. Preaching service at home or abroad (subject to call) at 2 P.M., on first Sunday of each month.

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BOSTON

LIFE
Men come, men go,
They stride
Up and down this earth
A day or so
In God's estimation of time.
Men come, they ask,
"Why are we here?"
Whence come and whither go?"
What our task,
I do not presume to know.

I think
We are here
To laugh, to love and to lift,
And not to war or to strife;
Yes, to love our fellow-men
And serve him all we can.
This and only this,
Makes life.
Evelyn C. West.

The writer is truly sorry to begin this news column with bad tidings, but she feels that there may be many, outside the State of Massachusetts, who will be grieved to know of the death of Miss Sarah Fuller, principal-emeritus of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf, on August 1st, 1927.

Miss Fuller became famous many years ago because of her work with Helen Keller and Alexander Graham Bell in the work of educating deaf persons. She was the first to teach Miss Keller to articulate her first word, "It," and her connection with Dr. Bell was caused by his interest in the deaf, for whose benefit it is said the telephone was invented. Many of his experiments were made at her home.

In 1869, she began her work as teacher of the deaf with only nine pupils in attendance. Soon there came more pupils, and more teachers, and in 1875, the school was moved to a larger building. With the greater increase of pupils, the City of Boston gave us our present site in 1890. Our school is 58 years old now, and for 41 of these years Miss Fuller was devoted to the teaching of the deaf.

On the 26th of July, she was stricken with paralysis, and up to the time of her death, was in a state of coma. She was 92 years old when she died, and her departure to the final resting place was a great shock to the numerous pupils, who idolized her.

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church, Newton Lower Falls, August 4th, 1927, at 2:30 p.m. Reverend Mr. Munroe, a nephew-in-law of the deceased, officiated at the hearing people, with Rev. J. S. Light, assisting. The church was almost entirely decorated with the beautiful floral tributes, which were sent from all over the State. After the services, the body was carried to the family lot, which is but a stone's throw from the church and Miss Fuller's home. Pallbearers were honorary members of the Massachusetts Benevolent Association, of which Miss Fuller was honorary president. The body was lowered between a late sister and a niece of the deceased. We have with us only a memory of all that was good and pure in Miss Fuller. Her sweet and encouraging smile will never be forgotten by any of us. Let us all strive to build ourselves up to all that she hoped and thought of us.

Morris Miller's home is famous for the Friday night socials. Every Friday, Frieda, his wife, and he, always find something new to amuse the numerous friends who are always dropping in on them. Last Friday, August 5th, a card-sharp party was held, in which several friends gave amusing and mysterious card tricks. The night was hot, so all the guests were led to the very large back porch, and seated in comfortable armchairs, who could have suggested anything more pleasant? Each guest told an amusing incident of their school days, which kept the others in gales of laughter. Iced drinks were served and all sorts of cakes, then at eleven, Mr. Sam Slotnick relieved the host by offering to drive every one home in his roomy touring Reo. Find some one in Boston who has never had a ride in Sam's car.

Reverend J. Stanley Light has thrown aside the every-day load, by going off on a long trip to the mountains of the North East with his mother, and when last heard from, he was on his way to Canada. These trips are made in his Willys-Knight coupe, and he usually has either his mother or his aunt accompany him. We sincerely hope he will come to us refreshed in spirit and in mind.

The writer happened to meet Mr. Russell Macy, and upon seeing the expansion of his chest increased by a few inches, demanded to know how come? Russell is the proud daddy of a nine-pound girl, and mother and child are both doing well. Good luck to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenstein gave a beach party at their summer home in Hough's Neck, Quincy, the 7th. They have a pretty bungalow, a minute's walk from the beach, and fit to suit the convenience of all. The day was beautiful the water just grand—high tide and everything. After a rather long stay in the water and diving from the raft, the guests played leap-frog, and other games usually played on the beaches. Eva prepared

delicious dishes for us, and a good time was had by all. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Miller, Aaron Kravitz, Mrs. Louis Snyder and Miss Catherine Doren. Mrs. Louis Snyder returned to Boston from Jacksonville, Fla., last month. She expected her husband to join her later in September, but he surprised her by coming to Boston the 16th. Louis is planning to make his home in New York if he cannot find a suitable location in order to open his own business. He has taken up a study of law, and seems to be doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doherty moved to Roxbury a little while ago, and have just finished fixing up a perfectly lovely home. They have many quaint and old possessions, amongst them curtains, which had been in the family's possession many years, in fact, twenty-five years. Arthur is away at work most of the time, and Edith has lots of fun keeping her doll's house in order.

Miss Anna Meterparel announced her engagement to Mr. Sam Bachner some time ago. Both are graduates of the Horace Mann School. Their announcement did not come in the form of a surprise, we all knew it was going to happen, as Sam loved the beautiful Anna since their kid days, and Anna, being a woman, made him miserable by continually snubbing him. They expect to be married this winter.

We have with us in Boston Mrs. Joseph Levy, a hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, of New York. Mrs. Levy is chairman of the National Jewish Women's Council, and began her good work by getting this splendid council interested in the Jewish deaf. Some time ago, she began a religious school for the little silents, with the writer as teacher. They got along splendidly considering that they only had four lessons up to the time school closed for the summer season.

On August 11th, Mrs. Levy arranged to give a beach party, and all the kiddies met the machine at 9:00 a.m. They were driven to her summer home in Clifton, Mass. It is a really beautiful place, situated on a cliff, overlooking the water and surrounded by huge rocks, the delight of the kiddies.

At high noon they had a regular Indian dinner; never was so much food seen, and so swiftly gobbled up. Corn on the cob was the main attraction. Pictures were taken in honor of the occasion, and after an hour's rest, they descended to the beach, where they spent three pleasant hours swimming and playing ball. The writer was pleased to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Max Miller, who had come to spend the summer months with her daughter. They exchanged notes and found much in common to talk of. At five p. m., they (the kiddies) were each given a huge plate of ice-cream and a roll of popcorn, gifts of a neighbor, who was interested in the deaf. And at 6:00 p.m. they reluctantly departed for home, asking the writer to thank "Betsey" for them. It was with a heart full of thanks that the writer extended to Mrs. Levy and her wonderful Council many thanks for one pleasant and memorable day.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue were away on a long camping trip in the mountains. They returned looking fit as fiddles, and happy too. Both say they had a wonderful time camping out of doors whenever the weather permitted.

We are sorry to say that there are no parties, dances or socials booked by the Frats. Mr. Sinclair, their secretary, promised to get in touch with me whenever there would be any important news to tell. Perhaps you already know that we will have their convention here in 1931.

On account of Miss Fuller's death, the Massachusetts Benevolent Association postponed their outing, that they had planned to hold at Lake Walden, on August 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Hebert Colby are summering in the Winthrop Highlands. They were married last month. They expect to make their home in Boston after the summer months.

Mrs. Florence Kornblum returned home, after two pleasant weeks in Baltimore, Md., with her friend, Mrs. Michael Cohen, who was a Boston girl before her marriage.

Miss Nora Egan returned from New York, bubbling over with words of praise to the people who were so good to her. She hopes to be able to reciprocate.

Plans have just been completed for a new Horace Mann school building, which will be one of the best equipped school buildings for its purpose in America. Work is expected to be started some time this summer and the building completed early next year. Of the 32 classrooms, the most attention has been given to the construction of what is termed the "rhythmic room" This room will be used as a music room and will have a false floor, resting on wire springs placed approximately 12 inches apart and set

in sound-deadening felt. It is explained by those working on the design of the new building that the false floor method of construction aids in the transmission of sounds from one part of the room to another by the tapping of the feet, a method used in the teaching of the children rhythmic beats and conveying thoughts.

The doors of all the rooms will be specially constructed of sound-deadening materials as well as the walls and the ceilings. It is aimed to make each portion of the building as immune from disturbing sounds and cross currents of vibration as possible. All floors will be of extra heavy maple wood, and will be insulated underneath by heavy sound-deadening materials. Besides the class rooms and the rhythmic room, there is planned to install an ear clinic in the building. There will be a gymnasium also, which will have a false floor, set on wire springs to give it the same resiliency, sound-deadening felt. It measures approximately 40 by 50 feet. The building will be made of brick and limestone, a fireproof structure.

George Bingham and Ethel Marshall were married the 21st. We wish to extend to them our best wishes for their future happiness. They had a quiet family wedding, and soon after that sent out cards announcing their marriage, and that they would be at home after September 15th. Mr. Bingham is a graduate of the H. M. S., and Miss Marshall was a graduate of the Clarke School in Northampton, Mass. They plan to have their own honeymoon trip.

Morris Miller was the recipient of a surprise party tendered to him by Miss Catherine Doren and Mrs. Frieda Miller. This was his first real honest-to-goodness party. He was misled by two of his friends, by stories that there were new Egyptian art objects just presented to the museum, and was kept out of the way from 5:00 a.m., till 7:00 p.m. The guests were assembled in the other rooms; there were more than twenty-five guests, and when Morris walked in, he had the surprise of his life. Games were played, Miss Meterparel winning the girls' prize for the guessing game, and Mr. Bachner the men's prize. Miss Meterparel also won another prize, and Mr. Casteline, the men's prize.

Refreshments were chicken salad, sandwiches, sweet mixed pickles, tonic, all sorts of cake, candies, raisins, nuts and fruit. Mrs. Miller prepared a huge birthday cake for her husband, in white frosting with a pink inscription saying "Happy Birthday, Morris." Mrs. Miller was an excellent hostess and it might as well be said that she is an authority on cooking. Among those present were Mr. Hyman Lowenberg, of Brookline, Mr. Chester Heeger, Mrs. Rock, and the Misses Wiess, Spirit and Sallop, who gave splendid exhibitions of the black bottom. The small daughter of Irving Simons gave an acrobatic demonstration. Mr. Harry Rosenstein, as the announcer of the acts, was a scream. The guests departed at 11:00 p.m., so the hostesses felt sure that they had enjoyed themselves.

Mr. H. Dickerson was stricken with a stroke, but is well on the road to recovery now. He is a member of the M. B. A. and also a member of the Frats.

Miss Bella Goldman was married to Mr. Joseph Weinberg, the 23d. Miss Goldman is a graduate of the Clarke School in Northampton, and Mr. Weinberg left there early to attend the Boston school. They had a wonderful wedding in Brookline, but it was only a family affair. Bella is a lovely girl, as is Joe a fine boy, and we know that they will get along wonderfully. So many marriages have taken place lately. Boys, keep away from Boston or there will be a shortage of girls, and then—oh gosh—I can't think of it.

KITTY-KAT.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND

Rev. O. J. WHELDIN, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., Monument St.

SERVICES

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointments.

Hang on to the work that you enjoy doing, even though the pay is small; twice the income at disagreeable work won't make you half as happy.

CHICAGO.

Wouldn't have luck,
You dear old duck,
Good luck that grows best and better?
Then copy this hazy
Cramped and crazy
Silly old chain-letter!

"Flanders' Good Luck Chain" is the title of a silly chain-letter which has been pestering the mail-boxes of Deafdom this summer, with names of the suckers who "bit" and passed it on. "Do not break the chain; copy it three times and send to four different friends to whom you wish good luck within 24 hours," etc., etc. Looking over the lengthy list of names I find many an acquaintance whom I regarded too smart to be fooled by such medieval trash. Pulpit and press have thundered against such absurd and idiotic schemes as "chain-letters," but even and anon they bob up. So—if you silly geese simply must bite—bite on this THIS, please. (It is strictly original; patent not applied for; copyright and copywrong.)

GOOD-LUCK CHAIN.

This letter of good-luck is an invitation for you to send \$2 for a year subscription to our national deaf newspaper, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, to Fr. Frederick Meagher, 5629 Indiana Avenue, who will prayerfully pocket his commission and see that maybe for the next twelve months you are posted on all the latest doings and developments in Deafdom. Copy this letter 99 times and send 98 of them to your friends and enemies, the 99th letter you are to tear up and throw in the wastebasket. Don't fail, or you will have terrible bad luck—you'll get the toothache; your loved one will run away with somebody else; and Santa Claus will lose your address next Christmas.

Aw, women don't know how to play cards. Especially those darned Minnesota Swedes. This was conclusively demonstrated at the Silent A. S. social, August 20th. A Minnesota Swede won first prize—Miss Betty Phonsinsky; followed in order by Mrs. Wm. Evison, Jim Meagher, Alf Liebenstein, and Cholly Kessler. The only reason those two females of the species happened to precede us lordly males in the prize awards must have been because they were capable of sneaking in more ciphers at the end of their proper scores than we men were. Seven tables of 500 and eight of bunco. Proceeds went to the Mutual Benefit Society of the Silent A. C., a growing branch patterned after the N. F. S. D., which has been paying weekly indemnities to two disabled members.

Success of the social was due to the zeal of treasurer Herman Witte and his friends. Witte has for eighteen years been employed as ladies' tailor in Marshall Fields.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held a "movie" the same night. Good crowd.

Local silents have formed the habit of attending the Friday afternoon games in the National and American League park—"Ladies' Day"—when the fair unfair sex are admitted free. Several different parties attended the White Sox-Yanks game of the 19th, to see Gehrig hit a home run and forge ahead of Babe Ruth. One party consisted of the Carlsons and friends; another of Mrs. Gus Anderson and her kid sister-in-law, Aldah; Miss Edna Hartman—sewing instructor at the North Dakota school; Wendell Haley, employed in a bank in Devils Lake; and the writer. Following the game the party came up to the local office of the JOURNAL, where Izzy Selig, of San Francisco, joined it for dinner and a social evening.

Charles B. Kemp and his wife, Fayé, have deserted the social elite of the South Side and now reside way out on the North Side at 4322 N. Richmond Street. That settles it. As foretold in these columns four years ago, "Flickville" is doomed! (The news occasioned considerable adverse criticism at the time—but when you read it in the JOURNAL, it's so.) Flick himself long ago deserted his bailiwick. Gibson, Craig, Leiter, Sullivan, et al. have gone where the woodbine twined, leaving the vicinity to the flowing tide of chocolate drops and Ivory Coasters. In 1920 there were fully 45 silents within a three block radius of the Silent A. C.; today this JOURNAL office alone remains. The next nearest are the Arthur L. Roberts and Ed. Kingons, four blocks remote. Aye, mine comrades fond and fair, "Flickville" was doomed long before Flick deserted his Flickless "Flickville." Now, Remember, when you read it in the JOURNAL, it's so!

Alva Long passed through town on the 23d, enroute to visit his folks in Newport, Ky. Back in 1900 or so, Alva was the crack sprinter of Gallaudet College, and held daily practice spurts with a chunky kid from Georgetown University, named Arthur Duffey. Duffey would beat Long by inches, so finally in disgust Long hung up his spikes and retired from the track. Alas—this Duffey shortly afterwards proved the first human to negotiate 100 yards in 9.3-5 seconds. Had Alva continued his training, he might have become the second best sprinter in the world for his day and age. This Long developed Rolf Harmsen, at the North Dakota school—Harmsen re-

peatedly doing the century in 9.4-5 while at Gallaudet in 1923. But Harmsen seems to have quit the track, so we will have to dig up another star athlete to cross the pond to the next Deaf Olympiad in Amsterdam next summer, as running mate to Byouk.

The June issue of the *City Four-square*, a monthly of the Chicago home missionary and Church extension society of the M. E., had this interesting article:

DEAF-MUTES.

Possibly one of the most remarkable services held anywhere in the land at Easter time, was the great service held by our Chicago Methodist Deaf-Mutes, on Sunday afternoon, in the Chicago Temple. Hundreds of them assembled there, and a large number of others who attended sat in profound reverence and witnessed this silent service. The Rev. P. J. Hasenstab preached a sign-language sermon to his own people, while his daughter interpreted the sermon aloud to the listening visitors. It was an impressive sight. Pastor Hasenstab has made a noble investment of his life in the service of these handicapped people; and his highly cultured daughter, when other fields of service were open to her, decided to invest her life in a like ministry to these unfortunate people. Pastor Hasenstab and his daughter ought to have a place in our prayers, and are worthy of our heartiest support. In fact, this scribe is sure if our people knew of their heroic sacrifice and service that many special gifts would come into the City Missionary Society in aid of this work. Nearly every church or every Sunday School in Chicago could take an offering once a year to help in this noble ministry. Will some who read this paragraph kindly show their interest in this work by sending a specially designated check to the Missionary Society office?

The Chicago Hearst papers—morning *Herald* and *Examiner*, and afternoon *American*—are enlarging their mechanical departments, and one of the improvements was removal of the casting machinery from the basement stereotype room to a partitioned section of the aristocratic composing rooms on the third floor.

(In summer the basement stereotyping quarters of a big newspaper are as hot as the boiler room of a battleship.) Among the few hand-picked stereotypes selected for the coveted new department, was Melville Cox of the Pas-a-Pas Club—a high tribute to the dependability and all-around merits of a deaf man.

Cox has been a member of Chicago local No. 4, Stereotypers Union, over fourteen years, having started with the *Inter-Ocean*, switched to the old *Herald* when it went out of existence, and gone along with the force when Hearst's *Examiner* bought the *Herald* in 1918.

These Hearst papers are the only ones in town now employing the deaf. Besides Cox there are George Morton (a Union printer for 41 years), head of the "dupe" dept.; Fred Lee, an artist on the afternoon *American*; and a saved-off shrimp, who waddles around the ad composing floor on the night shift. Four in all. Several silent linotypers have "slipped in" on the slip-board at various times the past few years, only to pull their slips after proving they can make good. It takes only one indifferent deaf workman to "spoil" a plant for the deaf, and I have had to advise several deaf incompetents to hunt for work elsewhere. Union scale is \$62 days and \$67 nights, 44 hours.

Some folks have peculiar hobbies. Johnnie Sullivan's hobby is boosting the Sac. Gibson's hobby is trying to smile when annoyed by fatheads like myself. Roberts' hobby is surreptitiously writing "poetry" (he is a descendant of the poet Edgar Allen Poe) though he will indignantly deny such childish pastimes. Henry is addicted to camping on the Indiana Dunes; and Barrow loves to wag his wattles. There is one ugly little shrimp in town (in mercy he shall be nameless here) whose pet hobby is to foster a naive idea he is the answer to a Maiden's Prayer. But Mrs. Wm. Zollinger takes the cake for unusual hobbies; she breeds snails and gold fish. Mrs. Gus Hyman gave her three snails to start a collection; and Mrs. Zolly now says her urban population of house-on-back mussels—at the last census—hovered around the 100 mark.

Remember, if you read it in the JOURNAL, it's so.

Miss Caroline Hyman, Helen Waterman and Fries, and Messrs. Baim, Charles Anderson and Chowski motored to the Milwaukee frat picnic in Chowski's car.

"Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" The lost is found! A card from Peter and Inez Livshis announce they have been hiking, horsebacking, and motoring all over the Coloradoan Rockies since the Denver convention, and are not coming back to our sheltering arms until after Labor Day.

No new casualties to report. Mrs. Charles Kessler is able to sit up, and will leave the hospital in week or two, unless complications set in. Kenneth Rutherford will not lose a foot, after all.

Mrs. Ruth Williams—a pretty divorcee from Memphis, Tenn., is spending three weeks here visiting old Illinois schoolmates.

Morris Fleischer, of New York, spent a week in town.

The John Walters, of Detroit, spent two days here on business. Mrs. Walters is remembered as Miss Ann Donohue, living here four years ago.

The William Evisons are back from several weeks in Michigan points.

The M. E. church folks held a picnic in Lincoln Park on the 20th. Matron Mrs. Hyman of the Home took all the residents there.

The Epheta Club held a picnic at Desplaines, August 21st.

Several locals attended the Frat picnic in Milwaukee, Wis., the same date.

Little Bobby Horn had his tonsils shoplifted by a medico on the 23d. Pach and Kohlman, the big butter and egg men of New York, breezed right through town en route from the West, not deigning to cultivate the acquaintance of our horde of savage desperados from Cicero.

Mrs. Albert Krohn came to town on the 19th, joining her husband, who has been tinkering with larger Mergenthaler models all summer. Krohn is printing instructor in the North Dakota school.

Ernest Swangren was in town lately. He had been taking a course in a school of advanced printing in Indianapolis.

Glenn Smith of Cleveland is in Chicago.

Mesdames. Migatz, Meehan, Jacobson, Evison, Penick and Miss Tillie Cohen, arranged a surprise shower to Mrs. Hal Keesal on the 21st, at the Migatz home. Some thirty ladies present presented presents, and a nice time was had by all.

Miss Henrietta Wilkins, of Indianapolis, is visiting her sister here.

The George Schrivers are back from a vacation in Michigan.

(Which is the least—and last—of my many worries.)

Dates ahead. September 5—Annual Labor Day picnic for the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf, Natoma Grove, 6510 Milwaukee avenue. 17—Pas movies, showing the films of the Denver coevontion. 24—Wishbone A. C. bunco, room 1900, Capitol bldg.

J. FREDRICK MEAGHER

DETROIT

Its all vacation now-a-days and where did or where will you go.

All roads around Detroit are going to lead to Toledo for the Labor Day picnic. Toledo has helped Detroit many times, so turn about is only fair play.

The biggest crowd ever turned out to St. John's Ephphatha Mission picnic at Belle Isle, August 21st. Mr. Horace B. Waters and Mr. Otto Buby were chief cooks, bosses, and bottle washers. About forty dollars was cleared, the fund goes to buy a communion cup for St. John's Ephphatha Episcopal Mission for the Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pastori called on the Kresins in Port Huron recently.

The Evinsons, of Chicago, were guests at Arthur Trenains in Detroit, George Tripp in Flint, and Frank Collette in Lansing.

Mrs. W. Riberty and Mrs. C. Sadows are visiting relatives in Canada.

Two cars full went off to Grosse Isle to Fred Gottsworth's and enjoyed a picnic dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Goth and Miss Emma Rieken and Ellen Goth were over to Chicago recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Isackson and children drove to Manistee recently, to see Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Eble (Emma Stoddard). On the way back they called on Prestons at Lansing.

Mrs. Frank Collette and daughter, Agnes, of Lansing, are visiting her parents in Fenton.

Mrs. Ivan Heymansson was the guest of the Whiteheads while Ivan was sojourning in Chicago.

Mrs. and Mrs. George Petrimoux are spending two weeks in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Carlton, of Owosso, and Miss Lilly Howell, of Carland, motored to New Castle, Ind., the 18th, to make a few days, visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hall. On the way home, they stopped in Sturgis for the night, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mordan.

Your correspondent spent a week with her brother and family at the Strand Cottage, on beautiful Silver Lake. Too busy to get around to visit old friends there, much to my disappointment.

It is rumored the State School at Flint will not open until September 21st, as a smokestack at the power house blew over and has to be repaired first.

MRS. GERTRUDE BREHRNDT.
5945 Wayburn

Oren M. Elliott, formerly of Graham and Lexington, Missouri, and who has been publisher of several weekly papers for many years and also publisher of "The Eye," "Silent Success" and other papers, went to Portland, Ore., three years ago and got a good steady job, and also owns a swell house with electric heat, cook, light, etc.

Mr. Thomas Elliott and wife, who left Cincinnati, Ohio, July 30th, is autioing this month and will reach Portland, Oregon, to visit his father, Oren Elliott before September 15th.

OHIO.

It is hoped that the picnic at the Ohio Home on Labor Day will bring together a large crowd of the deaf and their friends. A real country chicken dinner will be served.

The twenty-fourth reunion of the Western Ohio Deaf-Mute Association came off on the picnic grounds at the Dayton Soldiers' Home, on August 7th, and from all reports was a success. About 150 were present. Columbus, Cincinnati, Piqua, Springfield, Wapakoneta and other towns were well represented. The picnic grounds looked beautiful and the day was an ideal one for an outdoor affair. There were no games—just a reunion of old acquaintances, and every one seemed to enjoy meeting and chatting with old friends.

Mr. Schoneman, of the Illinois School, was present and made a good address in behalf of the E. M. G. memorial fund. He was followed by Mr. J. Showalter, of Columbus. The sum of \$17 was collected for the memorial fund, and \$21 for the association, one third of which was for the Ohio Home.

The officers elected for the year were:—

President, Mr. Henry Vollmer; Vice-President, Mrs. Elma Lowthian; Secretary, Mr. Nelson I. Snyder; Treasurer, Mr. John Wiggernhorn.

The treasurer's report showed that the association, after giving generously to the Ohio Home, has a small balance left.

Among the visitors was Leslie Oren, the deaf-blind young man. He was accompanied by his mother and his former teacher, Mrs. Cureton. The latter and her husband are living in Fredericktown, Ohio, now.

It was learned after the picnic was over that Mr. A. B. Greener and Mr. Geo. Clum, in the latter's car, intended to surprise their friends, but got lost trying to locate the picnic. Perhaps many others did too, as the place for the outing was changed after it had been given out. This was on account of some parks being closed.

From the Ohio Home we learn that the much needed cement walk leading to the main building from Wornstaff Hall has at last been laid, thus giving the men a good walk over to their meals.

The Cleveland Aid Society has furnished a long rug for the officers' dining room. Only a short time ago this society refurbished one of the bed rooms, a thing a few other societies must soon be doing, as some of the rooms are looking shabby.

Threshing was on the program for August 24th. We understand the wheat crop was not very good this year, on account of much of the farm land being too wet last spring. Recent callers at the Home were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill, Mr. and Mrs. Clum, and Mrs. Tacy Hall Atwood with her sister.

As the Atwood home has not yet been sold, Mrs. Atwood has not left for the West, where she will make her home with her sister. We learned that Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill, of Pittsburgh, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Moore at their new home on Longview Avenue, not far from where the Clums, the Ohlemachers and the Winemillers own homes. The Ohio School will open September 21st, according to notices sent out by Dr. Jones. The following taken from the Ohio State *Journal* of August 13th, shows how Dr. J. W. Jones has been spending some of the summer vacation.

In the absence of Rev. Frank H. Throop, who is at Winona Lake, Dr. J. W. Jones, superintendent of the State School for the Deaf, will preach at the morning service in Central Presbyterian Church, Sunday.

August 26, 1927.

E.

BLIND DEAF BOY "HEARS" THROUGH TOUCH SENSE.

Twelve-year-old Winthrop Clark Chapman, of Redfield, S. D., the only deaf-blind boy in the world who converses without knowledge of finger spelling, demonstrated his ability yesterday, at the tenth annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Oral Advocates, in Public School No. 47, No. 295 East 23d Street.

On the stage with his teacher, Miss Sophie Alcorn, supervising teacher of the State School for the Deaf, Sioux Falls, S. D., Winthrop showed his extraordinary ability of understanding from vibrations of her voice and by his sense of touch. He did this five different ways. First, by placing his fingers over her mouth; then he could also hear by resting his fingers under her chin, against her face, back of her neck and by having her voice vibrated in the palm of his hand. Not hearing his own voice, he could carry on a conversation with two persons at time. He also can sing, play games, take part in dramatics, and swim.

At the Dakota School, Miss Alcorn explained, Winthrop has, through the oral method of teaching the deaf-blind, done equivalent to four years of school work in two years.—*N. Y. Tribune*

Where Irvin S. Cobb Would Go If He Were 25

To San Francisco. He says so. Or, as he puts it, "If I could start all over again back at 25, I'd choose as my earthly abiding place some spot in a hundred-mile radius of San Francisco," and he gives his reasons in an article. "Here's Where I'd Go if I Were 25," in the April *Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan*. I shall present here a few paragraphs from that article. As Cobb makes comparisons between San Francisco and a certain fair city "which lies some hundreds of miles to the southward and—," I hope the reader will remember that Fresno lies (is situated) just between the two, and that I am merely presenting the views of a noted traveler and writer.

"Take an egg. For purposes of illustration take any egg, but preferably a fresh one. Its cubic contents are enclosed within a single shell but, as is known by everybody, from the candler who candled it to the scientist who analyzed it, its white part is very different from its yellow part—different in color, taste, specific gravity, density, degree of stickiness and organic chemistry.

Until they are scrambled, yolk and albumen have just two things in common, other than their common destiny. They sprang simultaneously, as it were, from the same hen and together they form a separate unit, as counter-distinguished from all the rest of the eggs that ever were laid.

Such being the case, and thus acknowledged, I make so bold, for the sake of interior comparisons, as to liken California to an egg—a double-yolked egg, if it please you, with pronouncedly a golden cast to it, but even so, an egg. They call her one State, but as I see it, really the only excuse for doing this is because she has one State government for administering her affairs. Elsewise, to all psychologic intents, she is two States that are widely apart in most of the essentials which serve to make an individual or a commonwealth special and distinctive from the individuals or the commonwealths roundabout.

A terminal cross-swing of the Sierra, whipping westward like the tail of a great snake, makes the division, roughly—and the Sierra is very rough—between Northern California and Southern California. But that line of demarcation merely is scenic. The dissimilarities are more than topographic, more than geographic, and infinitely more than climatic. They lie in the fabrications of opposing temperaments, opposing view-points, opposing outlooks.

The loyal San Franciscan—being the only sort of San Franciscan there is—meets the stranger at the train to inform him he is now entering the capital of the real California that is not to be confused with a certain spurious and imitation California which—to hear him tell it—lies some hundreds of miles of the southward, and lies and lies and lies.

But whenever I travel through the craggy passes of the Tehachapi Spur on my way out of northern California into Southern California or vice versa—personally I prefer it vice versa—I have the feelings of a discoverer all over again, like Columbus sighting the New World, or Mr. Henry Ford finding out for the first time with a shock of surprise that Geoffrey Chaucer was not the originator of plug tobacco.

Nowhere is the difference more sharply accented than in the rival metropolises of these rival domains. Each is fairly representative of its immediate tributary surroundings and both have names of Spanish derivation, but I maintain that thereafter the resemblance ceases. One has more character, more personality, more color and tang to it than any city of the first order in America, not excepting New Orleans. That's San Francisco.

Now on the other hand, Los Angeles has as little share of these qualities as almost any major city that, offhand, I can put my mind on. San Francisco always and invariably is a definite entity. You may be able exactly to define or to describe the entity which San Francisco is, but you sense it as you come across the bay from Oakland Mole and you feel it for every waking moment you spend in or near the town.

Los Angeles is all things to all people, or aims to be. But at heart she is a vast cross-section of the Corn Belt set down incongruously in a Maxfield Parrish setting. She's a mail-order town, an overgrown cut-out from the Sunday supplement. Her brow is among the clouds and her toes dabble the surf, but amidships she suffers yet from Kansasitis and Michigamania and Iowasclerosis, with Hollywood tucked in her side, like a page out of a dime novel that has been slipped between the leaves of the Gospel hymn-book. She hasn't found her soul yet, and when she does find it, it won't be the sort of soul she thought it was going to be.

This lack of definiteness is not Los Angeles's fault. The prime trouble with her—or the virtue, if you choose to put it that way—was that she had no long-drawn-out period of adolescence. Overnight, so to speak, she turned from a pueblo into a giantess. She jumped right out of her swaddling clothes into her long pants.

Day before yesterday, as men measure growth of cities, she was a baby, mewling and puking; only yesterday her voice was changing; today she bel-

lows in baritone; tomorrow her basso-profundo will be heard around the world, for, unless all signs fail, Los Angeles is marked to be one of the biggest cities and one of the noblest on this hemisphere.

She was denied that period of gentle advancement from a village into a town and from a town into a city, which permits the development of a civic tone strong enough to persist and to imprint itself upon each succeeding phase of increase. What individuality she may have had in the seed season of her beginnings was trampled to pulp beneath the galoshed feet of the home seekers. What individuality she might now begin to have has smothered to death by a swarm of tourists descending on her like the locusts in Egypt.

Which helps to explain why the business center of Los Angeles—and a hiving, throbbing, boisterous, tumultuous business center it is—makes you think of a segment of Cleveland, mixed with equal parts of St. Louis, Detroit and Omaha, with a dash of Denver and just a trace of Chicago stirred in for the seasoning.

Hers was not that "rich heritage of the fused and intermixed traditions of the old Padres and the early Conquistadores and the Nordic pathfinders and the Argonauts (after whom a page in our *Silent Worker* is named) and the Forty-niners and Vigilantes and Regulars and top-booted, red-shirted, hairy-chested gold-seekers and old Southern aristocrats" to give her that development of "a native spirit, an attained and seasoned personality." But just give Los Angeles time.

For all that rich variety of mountain, valley, plain, river, bay and ocean, all within that hundred mile radius, and for all the attractions of the city itself, Mr. Cobb is frank enough to say that these are not without their imperfections, but he continues with:—

"It is something else other than the site and the physical accessories and the historical values—a something else not exactly definable in words, but certainly compounded of the temper of its people, the swing and rhythm of its social life, the intangible but ever-present element that we call atmosphere—which makes Frisco what San Francisco really is, and that is the happiest-hearted, the gayest, the most care-free city on this continent, a community of ardent lovers of good cookery, good story-tellers, good company, good cheer and good fellowship.

Yes, sir, there must be something of higher human value than mounting census figures and increasing bank clearings to render it possible for this town to have produced a greater number of native-born or, anyhow, home-grown actors of distinction, fictionists, sculptors, landscape-painters, silver-tongued orators (loud cries of "No! No!" from Lexington, Kentucky, and Richmond, Virginia), dramatists, wits and—oh yes!—pugilists, than any other city, great or small, in this Union."

(Which includes, of course, our own Tilden, Redmond, d'Estrella, Howson, Runde and all the rest—just try to count them!)

No, our State isn't altogether without blemish, for as Cobb goes on to say:—

"California is derelict in certain regards. She has curbed the San Jose scale, but nothing has been done about abolishing the booster. He is apt to be most numerous in Southern California. I have encountered very lusty specimens close up to the Oregon line, and about once in so often San Francisco goes on a boosting orgy, which is a thing she has no call to do."

And last, but probably not by any means the least:—

"Speaking again of San Francisco reminds me of one attraction I had almost overlooked. It's highly important, too. This town just naturally excels in good-looking women. Perhaps it is the fog that gives them their marvelous complexions. Perhaps it is the distinctive yellow haze in which, on bright days, the landscape seems to float as though, by some subtle alchemy of its own, the California sun had transmuted all the dust motes into specks of pure gold—perhaps it is this that puts the glint in their hair. But what it is that endows them with their carriage and their grace and their general loveliness I would not undertake to say.

"I only know that all these details are exceedingly and pleasantly prevalent. You go to a gathering where the city's beauty is assembled—almost any gathering will do—and you look about you at those gorgeous creatures and to yourself you say: 'And these poor blinded mammals have a thing like this to brag about—and then go around giving three cheers for their durned old climate!'

When it comes to pretty women, San Francisco is the Paducah, Kentucky, of the Pacific Slope."

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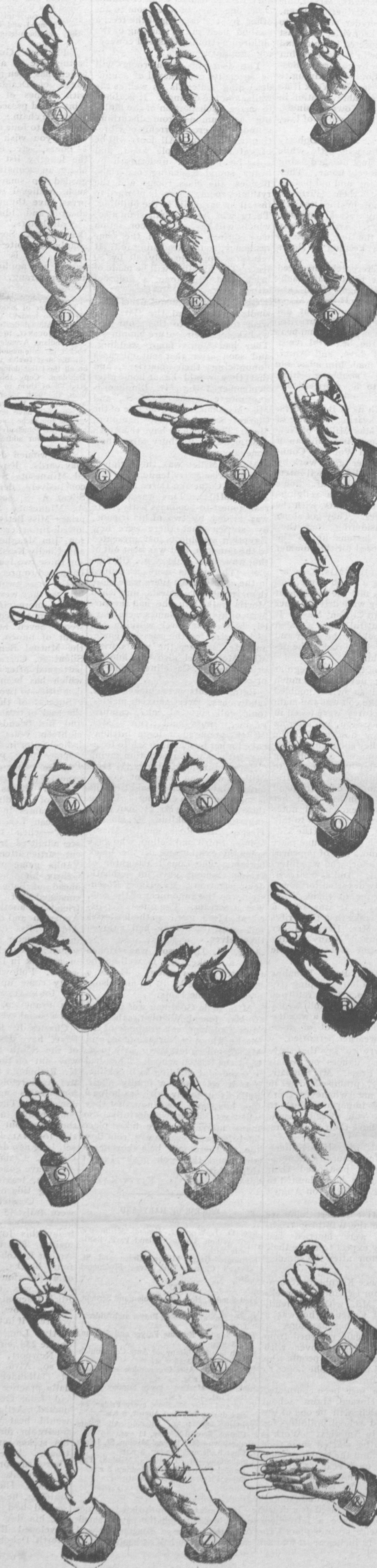
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